

WHAT CAN BE DONE NOW FOR THE SHUT-OUT SCHOOL CHILDREN?

A new school year has begun and 25,000 children in New York have been forced upon the streets for lack of room in the schools.

The situation is a searing disgrace to this mighty and self-satisfied metropolis. These 25,000 children, doomed to stunted lives by our neglect, are and will remain a damning indictment of the civilization of New York in the dawn of the twentieth century.

We understand the excuses. It is true that the present Democratic municipal administration has inherited its overcrowded schools from its predecessors, who could take care of the streets, but not of children's minds. It is true that schoolhouses cannot be built in a day, that new buildings are now in course of construction, and that in time the present deficiencies will be remedied. But what of the 25,000 shut out this year? Their chances in life will be gone forever.

If 25,000 children were lying bleeding about the streets, victims of some physical catastrophe, what would the authorities do—wait until permanent hospitals could be built, or care for the sufferers as best they could in temporary quarters?

There are plenty of competent teachers in New York whose services could be secured at a moment's notice, and plenty of books, blackboards and maps. Are there no vacant fireproof buildings that could be rented for a year? Is Madison Square Garden always occupied? 10,000 children could be accommodated under that one roof. And how about the churches? There are 565 churches and synagogues in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx alone, most of them with well equipped Sabbath-school and lecture rooms, entirely idle during the week. If each of these could accommodate, on an average, fifty children, the school problem would be solved.

What do the clergy think about it? Can they do anything toward saving this year's crop of 25,000 shut-out children from ignorance and vice? If they can the Journal will gladly co-operate with them in smoothing any rough places in the way. Let them tell us what they can do and what they need to make their assistance effective, and the Journal will try to see whether the needs cannot be supplied.

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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

"SENSATION-ALISM"—AS ALGER SEES IT.

The Rev. Charles Herald, of Brooklyn, has gone down into the sewer—as Secretary of War Alger would describe it. As a member of the Army and Navy Christian Commission he lived and suffered and starved at Elmont Key, a glaring sand bar near Key West. He returned, so his parishioners say, "a physical wreck from starvation and neglect." That was not "going down into the sewer," but when the pastor climbed painfully into his pulpit and told the story of what he had seen and what he had undergone he invited the enmity, the condemnation and the attacks of all the believers in Algerism, and is by them accused of descending to ignominious methods.

Within a few days the Rev. Charles Herald will discover that he has gone into the sewer and that he is a sensational preacher. To tell the truth has long been "sensational," particularly when it is told through the medium of a newspaper. The public official who, like Alger, has failed in his duty, whether by incompetence or corruption, is always quick to describe as "sensational" any exposition of his shortcomings. In a more honest or more straightforward state of society endeavor to cover up the failures of officialdom would be held ground for a charge of wrong-doing. With us, to expose, to denounce, to condemn an incompetent, a corruptionist or a thief in office is to invite the charge of seeking for sensation.

Could there be anything more sensational than Algerism—except the effort of some newspapers and public men to obscure its real character?

A REPTILE OF THE SOCIAL GUTTER.

Lucchesia do not come up from the pit, like imps through stage trap doors. They are bred here on earth. The conditions being supplied for the production of rattlesnakes, rattlesnakes appear. Every effect has behind it an explaining cause.

Normal people shrink away from thinking about a product such as this murderous wretch. His history reveals phases of human life that are revolting as the sight of running sores. He was spawned in the gutter of a European city by parents who left him to swim or drown in the gutter's filth as he might. Had he been a ragged coat or a pair of broken boots they would have picked him up and kept him, but being merely their offspring he had no value and was abandoned to the care of a kinder world—kind enough to profess respect for the sacredness of human life. Out of regard for this general principle and not for his own sake, society lifted the infant Lucchesia from the gutter, fed him for ten years in an asylum for foundlings, and then dropped him back into the gutter again.

Without the strength to rise from the offal amid which he had been cast, Lucchesia had enough intelligence to feel resentment at his lot. The punishment for his want of capacity to climb out over the backs of others was a life of penury as an Arab of the streets. Then came the toll of the unskilled laborer, with the alternative of starvation. Next the army and a discipline odious and maddening to an undisciplined and revengeful nature. Service as a valet gave him a new view of the luxurious existence which those born to wealth enjoy. This was a lighted path to the heap of moral refuse

PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD MAN.



Father Knickerbocker: "I'd Like to Send You to School, Dear, but I Really Can't Afford It."

called Lucchesia. Aflame with desire and barren of ability to obtain, this reptile of the gutter did not think—he only hated. He hated work, hated self-denial, hated everything that the poor man must endure if he would cease to be poor. Had he been throughout of the same fibre as the rest of the multitude of the inept and self-indulgent he would have become a tramp and ended as one of the sluggish, drunken, revolting wrecks in rags who sun themselves without shame or regret on park benches, and crawl away like slow

vermin to hide themselves in foulness and darkness when death approaches.

But egotism and hate energized this particular superfluous man. If the well-fed, well-clothed, luxury-enjoying world chose to pass him by unkindly of his desires and bitterness he would startle it out of its indifference to his wants and into consciousness of him as an entity. He struck, and an empress fell.

The blow was impersonal. It was aimed at no one human being.

but at riches, comfort, happiness, the civilization which gives everything to one and nothing to another. He hated Elizabeth of Austria no more than he hated everybody else who seemed to him to be fortunate and happy. It was the gutter against the palace. If the gutter could not share, at least it could kill.

"International measures for the suppression of anarchy" will be about as effective against the recurrence of Lucchesia as would be proclamations against the increase of rattlesnakes in the Arizona desert or the generation of maggots in carrion. The gutter that produced Lucchesia remains untouched, and out of the thousands added to it yearly there will be one now and again not willing to squirm and die there without criminal rebellion. Always while there are rattlesnakes by the million there will be occasional fatal stings.

Whether the gutter can be eliminated or not is a question, but that while it adds its products to society, there will be Lucchesias as certain as that ignorance and poverty and envy must evolve criminals.

The murder of the unoffending Elizabeth is a hideous crime, and her assassin is a death-deserving, loathsome creature. But so is the social gutter hideous and loathsome and death-deserving.

THE INCONVENIENT INDEPENDENT.

Resentment of support is not a frequent phenomenon in politics, but the Republican politicians who want Colonel Roosevelt for Governor are obviously incensed at the enthusiasm of the Citizens' Union for their candidate. Indeed there are statements of the machine variety who begin to suspect that Democratic Machiavellis are responsible for Independent ardor for Roosevelt. Holding that the approval of a candidate by the most respectable elements of a party cannot but be disadvantageous, these statesmen readily impute to malice what is really the unbought fervor of disinterested natures.

And the Colonel himself would be far happier if the conscience and public spirit of his party would oblige by lying low for a while until he has made all the necessary arrangements with Mr. Platt.

Then, of course, purity in politics, independence in the voter, civil service reform and virtue in general will be in order, to the exclusion of the Raines law, the canal steal and other matters not attractive to the military mind.

BANNING THE CIGARETTE.

The Evening Journal's efforts to rouse the public to the dangerous effects of the cigarette habit upon the young are proving effective. An ordinance forbidding the sale of cigarettes to persons under eighteen has been introduced in the Board of Aldermen, and the prospects of its passage are favorable. At Mount Vernon the other day City Judge Schatz announced that he would fine cigarette smoking boys, with the alternative of fifty days in jail, and he had this declaration read in all the schools. He said that boys who were silly enough to smoke cigarettes would not have sense enough to appreciate the effect of the habit on their health, and he was resolved to give them some more powerful deterrent.

If magistrates generally would take this position the efforts of the Tobacco Trust to poison the minds and bodies of children might meet with less success.

MR. ALGER is of the opinion that it is unpatriotic to criticize Mr. Alger. To let the world know that peace is more deadly than war to the American army must, he argues, give foreign nations a poor opinion of our War Department, and how could we endure that?

HORRID REGAL RITE. THE EMPRESS TO LIE IN THREE GRAVES.

It is to-day that the remains of the murdered Empress Elizabeth will reach Vienna, and there is every reason to believe that in spite of the very little sympathy that existed between the people of this gay metropolis and herself during her lifetime, the mourning of the Viennese will be sincere and heartfelt.

The unpopularity of the Kaiser at Vienna was due to her aversion of all those State economies and public functions of which the Austrians are so fond. The people seemed to think that they had a right to exact that she should constitute herself a part and parcel of the imperial show, and they resented her failure to comply with their wishes.

She, on the other hand, never either forgot or forgave the coldness and lack of cordiality which marked her reception by the people, as well as by the nobility of the Kaiserstadt when first she came to Austria as a sixteen-year-old bride.

They Stared at Her. And, besides that, she detected being stared at, and it was impossible for her to show herself anywhere at Vienna without being stared at not only in an ordinary fashion, but even through big gold glasses and telescopes, a horrible trait for a woman suffering from nerves so high strung as hers.

In Hungary it was quite different. There she was never mobbed, the people possessing too keen a sense of their native dignity to run after her and stare at her in the rude way of the Viennese. That is why she loved Hungary so.

The remains of the Empress will within the next few days, therefore, be laid in the vaults of that old Capuchin Church at Vienna where all the members of the Imperial House of Hapsburg since the days of Emperor Matthias have been buried. There are nearly 2,400 coffins in these vaults, the most notable objects being the enormous sarcophagi which Empress Marie Theresa caused to be made for her beloved husband, herself and her children.

According to an old custom members of the Imperial family must actually lie in wool, though the outer coffin may be of metal. The caskets of the Emperors and Empresses and of their children are covered with black velvet and gold, while those of the collateral archdukes and archduchesses are covered with red velvet and silver.

Emperor Joseph II. ordered that the outer coffin from his reign onward should be plain copper shelled, with a cross and an inscription on the lid, and his own is perfectly plain. The first return to ornamentation was made in 1872 for the coffin of Archduchess Sophie, the Emperor's mother. Formerly the names of the Imperial family

RESPONSIBILITY OF VICTORY.



General Bradley T. Johnson.

Bradley Johnson Explains Our Rights and Duties in the Island of Cuba.

THE laws of war and of nations as defined by a long series of decisions of the Court of King's Bench in Great Britain and of the Supreme Court of the United States, the ablest and most enlightened judicial tribunals the world has ever seen, explain the rights and duties of conquest so clearly that no one can doubt what should be.

From them it follows beyond dispute that Cuba is conquered territory, conquered by the arms of the United States. The President of the United States, with wisdom and prescience with which I at the time disagreed and protested against, but which I now entirely accept, refused to recognize the ambulatory government and migratory republic of Cuba, and based his action entirely upon the duty of the United States to establish by arms an orderly, just and permanent government of Cuba, where great American property interests were daily sacrificed to the inability of Spain to preserve order and to protect property. By the treaty of 1818 Spain was bound to protect Americans living in Cuba, their rights of person and of property.

The incident of the "reconcentration" was bloody, was cruel, was fiendish. Mr. Sherman said "War is hell," and did his best to make it so. Webster's decree about the "reconcentration" differed nothing in principle from the order to lay the Valley of Virginia waste in 1864, "so that a crow in flying over it would have to carry its carcass."

The right of war with Spain was beyond cavil to protect treaty rights and to enforce obligations concerning property.

But the Cuban question mounted beyond the treaty of 1818. Since 1803 every President of the United States down to Cleveland's time has enunciated the idea that Cuba commanded the Gulf of Mexico, the trade of the Mississippi—three-fourths of North America said Mr. Everett, Secretary of State to M. Sarrigot, French Minister, December 1, 1852. The fact that Cuba is a part of the United States geographically and geologically, and must be politically, has been well understood from Mr. Jefferson's time.

Therefore, when time matured the occasion of the United States to act about Cuba, it would have been more honest, more frank and more just if, instead of passing their declaration of war upon the false pretense of a duty to protect the oppressed, or to avenge the murders of the Maine, if they had taken the open ground that the disorders in Cuba were a menace to the rights and interests of the United States; that Spain had proved her incompetence to preserve order and to protect life and property there, and had thereby forfeited all right to continued sovereignty; and that the United States declared war for the purpose of establishing a government which would secure peace and order, with the consent of the Cubans, if they would afford it, without that consent if they withheld it. The United States has the undoubted right and duty to preserve order in a neighbor State. If America had been on her borders, then she ought to have interfered in Armenia.

If Bogatz had been where Cuba is, then her duty would have been plain to suppress the anarchy there. But, the United States is not charged by God or man with the duty nor given the right to suppress disorder and injustice all over the

world. There is more suffering by starvation in New York today than there has ever been in Havana, and misery and oppression of the poor are not unknown in any section of the United States.

Therefore, the United States cannot and ought not to undertake a universal crusade or to run amuck against wrong wherever it may exhibit itself.

Its duty is to establish order, just government in Cuba, to maintain it, to secure it, and to do this without regard to Spanish or Cuban. When it has accomplished this duty, inspired by humanity and its own promises, it must turn the island over to the people then living there, no matter who they are. If they elect to become members of the great Republic, let them decide freely, fully and of their own volition.

Now, to do this the international law gives ample authority. From the beginning of this Government the Supreme Court of the United States has clearly defined the consequences of conquest and military occupation.

A conqueror has the right to displace the pre-existing authority and to assume to such extent as he may deem proper the exercise by himself of all powers and functions of government. Cuba is conquered territory. Her laws and her institutions are to be respected and enforced, under the laws of war and of nations, at the pleasure of the United States. They and they alone are responsible for peace and order there. They will regard such laws as they see fit and make such as they deem proper.

The commission appointed by the President to supervise the evacuation of the Spanish will be charged with the duty of organizing and maintaining peace and order and security there. They will ordain that no man shall be arrested without warrant properly sworn to; that every man arrested shall have the right of habeas corpus; of every counsel, of being confronted with the witnesses against him and of a trial by jury. These fundamental rights are what the flag carries with it. The great mass of the Cubans are illiterate and ignorant. The policy of Spain has been to keep them so.

But above them is a fine class of highly cultured people as exist in this world today. Many of them are graduates of the great universities of Paris, of Göttingen, of Berlin. Most of them have been trained in the great Roman Catholic schools of the United States, and the Cuban society of Havana is more highly educated, more cultured than any equivalent number of ladies and gentlemen in New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore. Most of them, men and women, speak and write French and English perfectly; many of them German as well. They will understand and appreciate the necessity of control by the United States to establish order, peace and security. They will pray to be delivered from government by the half-naked troops of Garcia and Gomez. The Americans will establish the fundamental institutions of liberty—free speech, free press, habeas corpus, trial by jury. They will use Cuba as they can be found by and Americans when they cannot. And when peace, order, security, quiet and liberty are established they will turn the control of the island over to its own people, all the people, a majority of whom will be Americans, and they will do what they see fit. Nothing less will be just. Nothing more will be tolerated.

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

MERELY AN INCIDENT. HOW THE JACKIE REGARDS THE LATE WAR.

WHEN a soldier or sailor has trained for years to fight he looks upon warfare as mere business routine, and the discussion of heroic achievements and the discussion of heroic achievements differs from the volunteer. For instance, the Naval Reserves returned full of novel experiences and war narratives that readily found their way into print and made heroes of these amateur tars. The nation glories in their deeds because the deeds are known.

Ever since the naval parade a few weeks ago the city has been overrun with ancient shellbacks who fought for months in Cuban waters, but none of them figured in type to any great extent. Deep sea modesty, and not lack of opportunity, keeps the shell-back out of print. He considers it ill bred and impolite to gossip about what he is paid to do.

A few nights ago a chunky little brown man in blue, with a Buffalo Bill mustache, rolled into the lobby of the Journal office. Borrowing a pencil, which stuck to his tarry fingers, the stranger wrote on a slip of paper:

Mr. Charles H. Squires, Esq.,
Chief Quartermaster,
U. S. S. New York.

The "H." and the "Esq."

Fifteen years ago I had cruised in one of Uncle Sam's old wooden corvettes with a state ordinary seaman named C. Squires. Despite the lapse of years the card looked suspiciously, particularly the "Mr." and the "H." and the "Esq." but I went into the hall.

"B'gee, I don't see no sawdust boxes in this gangway," said the genuine, original C. Squires, peering up and down the corridor, "but here goes, anyhow."

I wandered around to the other side of C. Squires, and we shook hands. "You look about the same," he remarked, without emotion. "Heard you was here, and thought I'd come and see you, b'gee. We're both advanced in proper style" (C. Squires complacently observed, as he saw me admiring the proud silver eagle surmounting a silver steering wheel within a red ellipse upon his sleeve).

"Chief petty officer, b'gee. Recollect Arthur Brofeldt, that was with us? He got to be chief gunner's mate on the Maine, and was blown up in Havana. By the boys remembered Brofeldt."

"Talk about New York hospitality! It's fierce. At 4 o'clock Saturday, after the naval parade, I went ashore at Tompkinsville, b'gee, on ten-hour leave. Had a pocketful of money, too. A cuss that said he was a patriotic citizen allowed it would

be an honor to treat a few heroes. I" he picked me out and I had one drink with him, b'gee."

At this point C. Squires assumed an expression indicative of the utmost disgust and contempt for the patriotic citizen of Tompkinsville.

"That was Saturday afternoon. Tuesday evening, b'gee, I woke up leaning against a brownstone mansion in Harlem with no coat, no vest, no cap and no money. A man came out and asked me what I wanted. I said I'd take the brownstone mansion if he didn't need it, b'gee. He said he'd call the police, so I hopped it down and across the Bridge to old Jacobs and got another uniform, b'gee. Do you know what alluded me?" (C. Squires queried, in an awful whisper, "Knockabout drops, b'gee?")

"Knockabout" Drops, b'gee.

"Being forty-eight hours overdue, I was hailed to the mast next morning and the skipper asked what was my excuse. I told him there wasn't no excuse, but that I had a devil of a lot to say. Then I said I was on the black list for thirty days. I looked at him, b'gee, and said that was funny, as I was about to ask for seven days' furlough and three months' pay. The skipper said I had better go forward, b'gee, I went."

Dragging out a 24x30 inch handkerchief, C. Squires polished up his silver eagle and sighed at the rank injustice done him.

"During the night the skipper thought about the patriotic citizen of Tompkinsville, b'gee, and his 'knockabout' drops. Anyhow, I got the furlough and went to Buffalo at reduced rates. Stopped at Rochester, the morning back and saw a preacher, b'gee. He's my brother. Tired for reduced rates, I went to Rochester. The agent said he didn't have any, and I said I wouldn't pay a cent. Took a blind baggage bunkhead, b'gee, about the engine and went to sleep. After a while the engine scowped up water from a trough in the track. Tank overflowed on top of me, b'gee. I woke up and yelled 'Man overboard!' so loud that they boys to and checked me off at Batavia, b'gee."

With that C. Squires put about and rolled away. In an outburst of confidence he put about again and rolled back, winked at me with his large brown eyes and said:

"She's a bird, b'gee!"

Thereupon the social call came to an end. The question involved here is this: Did the able-bodied man fail to grasp his golden opportunity, or is he possessed of plain horse sense? I favor the latter theory. To fight is the legitimate business of C. Squires. Therefore he thought best to entertain me with "knockabout" drops and reduced rates to Buffalo instead of turning out the head. The fact that his duty as chief quartermaster in action kept him on the bridge with the Admiral fifty feet above sea level and in full view of everything reflects vast credit on the naturally eloquent C. Squires, b'gee.

CHARLES DRYDEN.